Twenty-Fifth Thousand.

THE CRUELTIES OF THE MEAT TRADE.

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PREFACE.

SINCE writing the first edition of this little booklet, I have travelled in many lands, and I find that it is the same wherever animals are looked upon as so much meat merely waiting to be cut up and sold for profit.

The custody and care of animals that share in the comradeship of life—like horses and dogs—has a very different effect on human beings than the handling of so many creatures that merely have to be dogged and herded and driven to market, and then killed in any way that will bring in the greatest profit.

I am satisfied that an immense impetus will be given to the upward-moving character-building of the human race when animal killing as a trade and meat eating as a habit are abolished from the land.

Our Lady Margaret Fruitarian Hospital proves that for the sick and for the well, for individuals and for families alike, flesh eating is not only not necessary, but it shows also that a fruitarian diet is possible and preferable in every way. One of the daily joys of Evensong there is that none of the agonies of the meat trade have been inflicted on that day for any member of the household.

JOSIAH OLDFIELD.

LADY MARGARET'S, BROMLEY, KENT.
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THE CRUELTIES OF THE MEAT TRADE.

THERE is such a growing interest in the creed of Humanitarianism, and the world of to-day is beginning to wake up to the fact that all cruelty, wherever it appears and of whatever form it may consist, is antagonistic to the development of the higher life and soul of man, that I have ventured to overcome the hesitation one feels in dealing with the unpleasant side of an unpleasant subject, and to draw attention to some of the evils connected with slaughter-houses and other facts associated with butchery.

Can an animal be killed painlessly? The unanimous experience of centuries of experimentation over the whole world is summed up in the short word "No."

We are, therefore, face to face with an enormous volume of pain continuing day and night, week after week, month after month, year after year, century after century, deliberately inflicted by man, directly or indirectly, for the sake of providing him a daily piece of flesh meat to eat.

If this daily piece of flesh meat were *necessary* then would the human race be of all mortals the most miserable, because it would be conscious of its inherent inability to rise to the height of Eternal "kindness" to which its higher aspirations long to attain. Man would be a creature endowed with a longing towards a state of Mercy, Love and Gentleness, but enchained to a state of practical Harshness, Hatred and Cruelty.

We are, therefore, as thinking, reasoning beings, face to face with the fact that we are deliberately inflicting an untold and unnecessary volume of agony upon sentient fellow creatures for the gratification of our appetite!

For a Luxury! In looking round upon the world of life, I can conceive of few things more terrible to contemplate than this question of butchery and all that it involves. In the daily butchery of animals, men are engaged in their loathsome, degrading duties, day after day, and year after year, and each night as the poor man wipes the blood off his hands and changes his blood-smirched clothes he knows that he has killed his pile of innocent victims, and that the animals who but a few days before were bright in the beauty of health are now lying with glazed eyes and dripping limbs, dead, skinned, eviscerated and mangled.

Those, therefore, who are eaters of flesh, are responsible for perpetuating in the land a race of humans doomed to an inhuman occupation.

Those who still persist in sacrificing the daily steak or chop at the altar of Stomach must be plainly told that by this selfish gratification of an unnatural appetite they are requiring that men shall be doomed to spend their lives in inflicting suffering and agony upon sentient fellow creatures, and thereby be themselves hindered from progressing towards that end to which all men are born, namely, the attainment of that attribute of gentleness and mercy which is the first manifestation of the divine in the human.

The Chain of Agony. These cruelties begin in the great plains of America, they are continued in the cattle ships which bring the poor brutes to our shores, they are not ended until the last act is completed and the curtain of oblivion falls at length with its merciful but tardy finale.

Pick up the story at any point and anywhere, and you will find the same thing, and if your bowels of compassion are not wholly hypnotised by your selfishness of stomach, you will turn away in a very shame of revolt against such a threnody of miserable suffering, and will cry in an agony of heart: "What can *I* do? What *can* I do? What can I *do* to help to put an end to this foul blot upon God's fair land of peace?"

And when you have asked in earnestness, the answer will come back to you: "Begin with your own little life. Make clean your own doorstep, purify your own poor kitchen, and when this is done a greater mission shall be revealed to you."

Cattle Raising.

The cruelties of the slaughter-houses are intimately connected with the cruelties which precede the final act, and thus while not dealing with these in any detail, eaters of flesh should be told that these cruelties exist, *and will necessarily continue to exist so long as slaughter-houses stand.* Here are a few extracts which tell their own story too pitifully to need any additional comment. The desolation, the loneliness, the long linger of death, and the sordidness of the spirit which rules it all, is too sad for words.

"Human Greed and Freezing Stock, etc."

(*New York Evening Post.*)

"The extraordinary thing connected with this freezing and starving of stock is that the cattlemen and sheepmen of this region, in discussing and considering the subject, never seem to pay the slightest heed to the humanitarian side of the subject. They think and talk only of the money involved. The raising of stock with them has become a kind of gambling. They expect to have a certain percentage of loss in any event, and take their chances on a severe winter like the present one. . . .

"And so they go on raising the cattle without any thought of winter feed or shelter, taking their chances on a certain percentage surviving death by starvation and freezing, which shall give them a ratio of profit and form the nucleus for more herds, utterly oblivious of the terrible suffering which is going on about them. . . .

"No human tongue can portray the miseries and sufferings that come from what is known as 'pastoral stock raising' in the United States. . . .

"The burial mounds of snow frequently dot the ranges and show the fearful loss of life and the terrible, unspeakable suffering which millions of poor beasts have been permitted to undergo in this Western country, because of man's unfeeling cupidity and because the law has not yet compelled him to be humane. . . .

"In the Alberta country, according to Mr. Howells, thousands of cattle are huddled together along the railroad tracks, and dead cattle were to be seen for a hundred miles or more, lying twenty deep in many cases. The same conditions, he says, prevail in Montana. . . ."

"Famine Stricken and Freezing."

"Let me quote the statement of another Western man concerning these conditions. The following was written by ex-United States Senator Paris Gibson, of Great Falls, Mont.: 'Add together all the sufferings of the animals in the Eastern and Central States—the tortures inflicted upon horses, dogs, and all the domestic beasts of field and city street—and you have not sufficient cruelty in your enumeration to equal one-half the sufferings of the freezing and starving cattle on our Western plains when the terrible storms come upon them and prevent them from securing food and shelter.

"'No human mind can comprehend the degree of suffering caused during one winter storm, that leaves tens of thousands of skeletons of cattle upon these plains; and this picture only faintly tells the story that God alone realises in its awful truth and anguish.'

"I have before me a word picture, by a man living in the West for a great many years, who is thoroughly familiar with present conditions affecting live stock. 'Imagine,' he says, 'a single animal in December, already gaunt from hunger, cold and thirst—of the three, thirst is most terrible—imagine this wretched creature wandering about on an illimitable plain covered with snow, with nothing to eat except, here and there, buried under the snow, a sparse tuft of scanty, moss-like grass; eating snow for days and weeks, because there is nothing to drink; by day wandering in the snow, by night lying down in it; swept by pitiless winds and icy storms; always shivering with cold; always gnawed with hunger; always parched with thirst; always searching for something to eat where there is nothing; always staring with dumb, hopeless eyes, blinded, swollen and festering from the sun's glare on the wastes of snow. Imagine that, and imagine yourself enduring one hour of it. Multiply that hour by twenty-four. Multiply that period by the slow-moving days and nights from December to April—if life lasts that long. Multiply that by forty millions, and you have the statistics of brute suffering in this one way for one year and every year, in this unspeakable trade.'

"The desolate waste of the range, covered with snow, is dotted here and there with small groups of these miserable beasts, more dead than alive, the duration of whose life is only a matter of a short time. We look across the cattle range and we see no fences, no house, no signs of

human beings, only man's miserable beasts and the record of man's cruelty and avarice.

"I have spoken thus far of the living cattle, but more frightful sights are before us. On every hand we also see the dead. They are lying by the side of the wagon track, on the slope of the little hills, underneath the ineffectual shelter of the bluff, frozen in the ice, lying in the open water, and scattered widely over this awful Plain of Death. The great steers have given up their struggle for existence, the young cows have died, and here side by side we see the little calf and its mother both dead."

Cattle Ships.

Turning from the plains of starvation and death to the means of transit from one land to another, we only seem to move from one circle of Dante's *Inferno* to another. When winter is over, and when the green pastures bring food and fatness, it is only a short time of gladness before the cruelties of the middle passage in the cattle ships commence. Here are some statements from those who know the trade and its horrors.

Just one short passage from **Cattle Ships,* to give an idea of the cruelties which precede the final scene :—

"On several occasions I saw the men pour paraffin oil into their ears, which, as soon as it reached the brain, caused the poor brutes to fairly shriek with pain. Occasionally the ears were stuffed with hay, which was then fired; while in many instances the tails were snapped in the endeavours of the cattlemen to force the animals, that had lain down from sheer exhaustion, to regain their feet. The commander of the vessel was appealed to, in the hope that he would order a cessation of these cruel practices. 'I am, however,' said he, 'powerless to interfere in the matter. My duties are simply to carry out the instructions of my employers, the cattle being regarded by me as freight, nothing else.' The reason that these animals, no matter how horribly mutilated, sick, or suffering, are not put out of their misery, is to be found in the imperative rules of the insurance companies both in New York and London."

The preceding extract throws a gleam of light upon the awful picture of a cattle ship, and the horrors there suggested are borne out by the Report of the Departmental Committee appointed by the Board of Agriculture, 1894, in which the following terrible facts are brought to light :—

* "Cattle Ships," by Samuel Plimsoll, M.P. Price 1s.

The Stick.

" Stick marks, according to the evidence of witnesses in the trade, are easily recognisable, and consist of blue lines and patches discoloured by extravasated blood. The extent to which the use of the stick enters into the Irish cattle trade may be best understood by following the evidence as to the treatment of the cattle from the Irish fair at which they are bought to the port of embarkation. Their treatment at some of the fairs, according to Mr. Hedley, F.R.C.V.S., and Chief Inspector of the Veterinary Department at Dublin Castle, is 'simply brutal.' There are no means of separating the different lots of cattle, and a stick is used, often a very heavy one, to get the heads of the beasts together, so that they will not break away. The stick is used for the purpose of keeping them together or of separating them, and the beasts, many of which have been driven long distances during the night, are kept standing huddled together during the fair. After that they are driven to the railway stations, a process in which they receive more beating, 'because the driver is paid so much for loading them, and the more frequently he can go backwards and forwards the more money he can earn.' "

Mr. Fleming, a bullock man of forty-one years' experience on board ship, pleaded that the stick marks were not made on board ship, but by the drovers who had charge of them going to and from the railways and markets. But Mr. O'Connor, an Irish cattle dealer, declared that there was ten times as much stick used on board the boats as anywhere else. Several witnesses spoke to beatings with ropes and sticks in order to force the beasts up or down steep gangways and cattle ladders.

" The worst class of bruises, however, are described as those which occur through animals falling or lying down on shipboard and getting trampled on. To these causes are ascribed not only extensive bruises of the muscles, but broken ribs and hips, and laceration of the subcutaneous tissues which connect the skin to the subjacent fasciæ of the back, at times so extensive that when the beast having been flayed along the legs and underportions, is slung up by the legs for the purpose of completing the operation, the skin on being loosened round the tail, is described as dropping to the ground through its own weight. Thus Mr. Davies, ex-President of the Liverpool Butchers' Association, told us of a lot of seven bullocks so badly injured in this way that when they were hoisted, as described, in the process of flaying, 'as soon as the hide was loosened from the

tail, and cut off there, the hide simply flopped on the floor, there not being sufficient left intact to hold the hide on the beast's back.' These cattle had been landed on a Friday or Saturday, sold in the Liverpool Cattle Market on Monday, and slaughtered and flayed the same night.

"Again, Mr. Nelson, an extensive cattle salesman in Glasgow, declared that he had 'hundreds and hundreds of times' himself seen, when the cattle were partially flayed, the hides fall right off them owing to the bruises, and had often wondered how cattle could live and travel and stand the market in the condition which was revealed when the hide was taken off. As to broken ribs, Mr. Cassidy, an Irish dealer, who passed through his hands over 6,000 cattle per annum, put the number of cases of broken ribs at between 100 and 150, and told the Committee that out of one lot of twenty fat cattle which he had sold, the purchaser complained that he found ten of them with the ribs broken."

The Journey towards Death.

Just a peep into the world of patient endurance and pain which we are inflicting on the animal world, by depriving them of exercise, in order to fatten them, and then driving them long weary miles, to market and to death. Just a thought of those terrible journeys, when their exhaustion and hopeless weariness is no longer of any market importance, for they are so soon to die. If we turn to the same Report of the Commission to which I have already alluded, we find it stated that:—

"A second cause in the deterioration in value of Irish cattle in transit has been stated to be want of water, fatigue on the journey from the breeders to the British market, and want of sufficient ventilation when at sea. The combined effect of these, together with the mental excitement inseparable from strange surroundings, is said to bring about a 'fevered' condition of the animal, manifesting itself in dry, sapless and blackened flesh, which materially depreciates its market value. Many of the animals are sent from inland fairs to the port of embarkation. Some of them have been driven to the fair overnight, and are kept standing there during the day, it may be without food and water. When sold they are driven to the station and trucked, often already in a condition unfit even for the train journey. . . . Cattle have frequently to do

without water for sixteen or twenty hours, and occasionally thirty-six or forty hours without food, and in an extreme case—like that mentioned by Mr. Abrahams, when a vessel has been detained by fog—they may find themselves unable to lie down and deprived of food and water for as much as fifty or sixty hours."

And in the *Animals' Friend* for November, 1894, the same subject is discussed in the following way:—

"Do you really think," I asked, "that there is really much cruelty involved in the whole or any part of the system under which people's tables are supplied with animal food?"

"Think!" he replied; "it is more than opinion, it is fact. Listen! Have you ever stood beneath Holborn Viaduct and watched the hundreds of animals passing by on a Monday night? Have you ever speculated for a moment what these poor creatures are going to face? Have you ever watched their massive bodies and noble heads, and pleading pathetic eyes, as in tired wonder they look in vain for a friend; yapped at by dogs and prodded from behind by drover, they have to limp on, footsore and weary, to their doom. Curious people stand and watch the efforts that are made to get some poor brute up again that has deliberately laid down, too tired to get a step further. Have you seen then what curses and sticks and tail-twisting will do? She is up again on her pathway of doom. *Morituri te salutant* is the meaning of those sad bellowings."

"Yes," I remark, "I have seen those things and been sickened by them. When one gives one's imagination play it seems dreadful."

"Dreadful! Yes, and is it the drovers who are the torturers of those innocents? No, they are but the rude instruments of the market. They are the product of their trade, and as I look upon this passing procession of sentient creatures, I know that those who demand their carcasses for food are the ones who are really guilty for all that is entailed in this barbarous spectacle."

Train Agonies. A special correspondent of the *Transvaal Leader*, in the course of a communication on the subject, says:—

"Sheep in South Africa are railed in open trucks exposed to the full heat of the sun. A case is

quoted where sheep were trucked at Nelspruit on the 25th, arriving here on the 29th. It frequently happens the sheep and cattle from the Cape are sold on arrival at Johannesburg to outside dealers, who reconsign them to Pretoria, Middelburg, and Barberton. In practically every instance these beasts get neither food nor drink here, and the condition in which they arrive at their respective destinations may be imagined. Cattle have been known to arrive at the Braamfontein yard in so weak and exhausted a condition that they could hardly stand."

Describing Braamfontein, after pointing out the inadequacy of the water troughs there, says: "I was now to see for what purpose some twenty youngsters whom I had seen earlier in the day sitting on the siding cracking coarse jokes were there. They are black, white, and half-caste—a vicious-looking crew—and each is armed with a whip. One of their number carries a stick to the end of which is attached three feet of wire. As soon as the cattle emerge from the trucks they are surrounded by these young fiends, whose duty it is to herd them while they are being sold. That the boys put the whole of their brutal little hearts into their abominable work there is no doubt. I can testify to that. The parched, panting beasts rush hither and thither in their bewilderment, their flanks chafed and gored. The whips crack, and every whip finds flesh. The cattle, terror-stricken, close their agonised eyes in a manner pitiful to behold, to shield them from the merciless lash, for these wielders of the whip prefer to strike between the eyes where there is an opportunity. Surely those eyes see red, and their dumb owners must wonder what sort of devils we people are. When the cattle are loaded into the trucks, stones, bottles and sticks are brought into requisition to drive them in, for they know the truck and all the lingering torture it holds for them, and are loath to enter."

No Sympathy.

It is too evident the slaughter-house must be a place where no sympathy can be expected from the slaughtermen towards the animals they are paid to hammer on the head, throat-cut, and kill. The stupid, dazed creature, that has no vitality left, and which comes up to the ring spiritlessly and meekly bows its head to be struck again and again till it falls, is the only one the slaughterman can have any sympathy for, and that because it lessens his own

work. The moment the animal shows fear or fight (and ninety-nine out of a hundred beasts do so) pain and force must be used to compel it to move on to the place of doom: it must be agonised up to its ring of death or the job won't be done to time—and what does it matter, a few tails twisted or horns broken, or eyes smashed, or tender parts prodded into the very living quick; the beast will soon be dead and we have to hurry up and get home to our tea.

In a letter to the *Standard* I showed that "There are three common modes of slaughtering animals, and the less usual methods are generally modifications of one of the chief ones. Animals are killed by either (1) cutting their throats and allowing them to bleed to death; (2) destroying sensibility by stunning with a mallet, or pole-axe, or mask-bolt, and then damaging the brain so as to cause death; (3) stabbing the animal in the neck by driving a dagger into the space between the base of the skull and the first cervical vertebra, and so injuring the upper part of the spinal column, or possibly the lower part of the medulla (depending on the direction of the stroke), and thus causing immediate paralysis, to be followed by throat-cutting or hammering to hasten death.

"In none of these cases can it be said, as your 'Butcher' correspondent states, that death is 'instantaneous,' but, none the less, it is probable that he is quite right in fixing two minutes as a period quite long enough for an animal to lose all consciousness in, when the first method of throat-cutting is adopted. For this, however, it is necessary to have both a careful and a skilled man, while in a very large number of cases the want of skill of the slaughterman is shown by conscious movements (not the reflex epileptoid movements), which demonstrate that acute pain is still felt when the incisions are made for stripping off the skin.

"When, as in the case of cattle, the second method is adopted, the total sum of agony which is inflicted in the public and private slaughter-houses of the land is too terrible to contemplate calmly. I have seen a fine young sensitive cow dragged up by the windlass to the ring, and then, as the slaughterman brought down the pointed pole-axe with all his force, he missed the spot, and the weapon struck into the eye and burst it, and tore its way into places where the presences of many sensory nerves would cause the most atrocious agony. With bellowings of anguish, the poor creature dashed her head madly again and again against the wall, and it was some time (which seemed like

centuries) before a blow was brought home and she stiffened out and fell.

"The third method of slaughter, which is now in vogue in St. Petersburg, Naples, Venice, Mayence, and a few other places, probably entails still more suffering, for, though the animal at once falls into a heap, it is through muscle paralysis, and not through loss of consciousness, while the injury to the posterior sensory nerve roots of the spinal cord would necessarily cause the acutest agony. In butcher language, an animal is said to be 'killed' when it is down in such a way that it will die of itself without causing the butcher any further trouble. This, however, is not the language of humanity, and there is no way of ensuring market deaths without the enduring of bitterest sufferings by thousands and thousands of sentient creatures."

In the Slaughter-House.

The usual method in vogue in England is to drive the animal to the door of the slaughter-house, and then throw a rope or chain over its horns, and then throw the other end of the rope over a beam, or attach it to a windlass, and so pull the animal in till its head is wedged firmly in a corner, or against a barrier. While the creature is held in this position the slaughterman takes a pole-axe (which is a very long handled hammer with a heavy head ending in a hollow steel spike), and standing in front of the animal, brings it down with all his force upon the centre of the creature's head. The spike may penetrate the bone and stick fast in, and the man may break away a piece of the skull in getting it loose again, or the bony frontal bone may be so hard that it does not break its way in. In either case the beast may fall at once as if shot, while the peculiar stiffening process runs all down the spine to the very end of the tail —a ghastly stiffening out in death, which, once seen, will never be forgotten. In some cases, however, the animal will not fall, but will only bellow and roar, and dash its body from side to side in its agony. If the rope or chain holds taut, so that the head cannot move, the man simply lifts up his axe again, and brings it down again as before with just the same result. If the man is strong and skilled, and the gearing is good, he nearly always succeeds in bringing the animal down in one or at most two or three blows, but if he is not very strong, or not skilled enough

to hit exactly in the right spot, or if the animal can get its head at all loose in its agonising struggles, he may hit away for several times, and may even—in rare cases—have to stop and rest awhile, while the poor thing stands in all the terror of death and suffering before him.

Where ropes are used, and these have to be tied in a primitive way, or held by another man, the poor creature is generally able to get its head so far loose that much difficulty is experienced in getting it close up again and in hitting in the right spot; and what agonies are endured when an excited man is bringing down a spiked steel axe, blow after blow, with all his might upon the head, can be conjectured rather than realised. A blow above the orbit would break through and burst the eyeball; above the nose would force its way into the delicately nervous chamber where the olfactory nerves are all spread out and would cause intensest agony, while the front of the head generally below the margin of the frontal bone is highly sensitive, and a life-time of suffering could be crowded into those terrible minutes which prelude unconsciousness and death.

"I can't bear to eat a beefsteak now," said a well-known actress, "because I was passing a shed in a little town where I was staying a few months ago. I heard a great noise and shouting and bellowing inside, and so I peeped in. . . . It was dreadful. . . . Such a beautiful cow straining in agony at the chain round her neck . . . her lovely great eyes all one blaze of terror . . . a great lout behind twisting her tail . . . a big fellow in front with his pole-axe trying to kill her. . . . I was fascinated, I was hypnotised. I tried to tear myself away, but I could not. . . . Every time the axe came down the great creature groaned and bellowed, and shook her head and strained away in deadly fear and trembling . . . and every time the axe came down I felt it in my own flesh, and I, too shuddered. . . . The fellow was clumsy, and the minutes seemed like long centuries to me. . . . At last she fell—oh! such a thud . . . such a horrible, stiff, stark, glaring thing . . . and I, too, felt the pangs of death within me. . . . I rushed home, and buried my head in my pillow and sobbed for the cow I had seen die so terribly. . . . If *this* has to be gone through for my plate of beef I will never touch it again, I vowed: and now I am a fruitarian."

To make the description of animal suffering in the slaughter-house clear, however, it must be remembered that there is not only the absolute and intense physical suffering which is endured during the actual process of killing to be

considered, but in addition to this, there is the equally terrible mental and physical suffering which precedes the strokes of death.

In a roomy and well-arranged abattoir, the little companies of the doomed, which are driven up pen by pen of about half a dozen at a time, go readily and happily enough to the small enclosure outside the actual slaughter-house.

I have watched—with that sense of pain which comes over you when you see someone being deceived that you are powerless to help—the expectant beasts that had been deprived of food for the day, turn out with the utmost alacrity as their stall man opened the gate of their pen. Their tails swinging to and fro, with eager eyes and tossing heads they hurried along. Trust, confidence, and expectation of food written in every line of their expressive faces. And knowing as I did to what they were going so gaily, I shuddered with a shudder I could not repress.

It is strange how rapidly the poor animal becomes conscious of its danger, and if the first attempt is unsuccessful, it is often very difficult to induce it, in spite of all the shoutings, and cursings, and blows, to come near enough for a second trial.

As soon as the chain is over the horns, the veritable fight for life begins. It feels the power drawing at its head, and with all its might resists. The man behind prods it in tender places, and it shrinks forward from the blow; an inch further forward; it tries to get that inch back again, but the force before is inexorable as fate; a dexterous twist of the tail, and in sharp agony it rushes a step onward; another foot nearer to death; its head is now just inside the dark doorway, and its keen smell detects the dank odour of blood which fills the place. In the semi-darkness ahead it sees the blood-bespattered slaughtermen in their smocks, and a sense of infinite despair and terror seems to come over it.

Great strong bullocks and cows, full of sensibility, and with nervous organisations acutely perceptive, are so appalling in their terror! Their eyeballs starting; their tongues protruding; the hard, rapid breathing; the head dragged forward by the chain; every muscle at its fullest tension; every hair on end; perspiration streaming from every pore, and bellowing, or still more pathetically moaning, they are forced on towards the fatal ring. Slipping on the blood-slimed floor they fall, but every fall is only a little nearer the end. The bruises, the skin scraped off, the strains, are unheeded, it is *terror* which predominates.

It is this prelude of mental as well as physical suffering which stamps all the forms of slaughtering of large animals of highly developed organisations. The battle may rage about the Jewish shechita, the Italian stab, the German mallet, or the English pole-axe, but the preliminary *via dolorosa* is the same in all, and is soul-revolting in every one.

These are descriptions of what takes place in an ordinary first-rate English abattoir. Similar accounts are given by Dr. Dembo, of St. Petersburg, not of what occurs in private slaughter-houses but in abattoirs. He describes the mallet process of stunning—one extract may serve to reveal to our readers the terrible price at which their daily meals are obtained.

"That the ox feels every succeeding blow is proved by its conscious movements, by the bellowing and groaning to which it sometimes gives vent, and by its turning round from one side to the other. The butchers know that very well, and continue to strike the animal until the movements cease—*i.e.*, until they are sure that he will not jump up any more. One must see the deep holes made with the hammer in the bones of the skull to form a right conception of the agony the animal has to suffer in this method of killing. Amongst my notes there is a case (and I could give the name of the slaughter-house if necessary) where the animal was struck with the hammer *eleven* times before it fell."

The Jewish method consists in throwing the animal down and then cutting its throat. Of this it is enough to say that the Berlin Society for the protection of animals has circulated millions of leaflets against this Jewish method owing to the cruelty involved in it. Legislators have been moved to forbid it by law, owing to the sufferings it entailed, and yet, horrible though it admittedly is, there is good reason to believe that it is not the worst method in use by far! If that which is upheld by hundreds of thousands of intelligent Jews as being one of the best methods known, be so bad, wherewith shall we classify the worst?

Who Cares?

The horrors of the flesh traffic are illustrated by an account recently given in the *Weekly Irish Times* of the atrocious cruelty practised on cattle in the markets and ports of Dublin. "It seems to me," says the writer, "that nobody interested in the cattle trade cares anything

about the cattle as living, feeling creatures. Oxen are shamefully kicked and beaten, milch cows kept standing for whole days unmilked, sheep prodded and hit on the head, and pigs so maltreated as to be scored with gaping gashes in bluish red, crossing and recrossing each other. At the quays the cruelty is equally bad. Blows were distributed in promiscuous fashion, and rained down remorselessly on the head, the eyes, and the nose, as well as back and flanks of the unfortunate animals, and the brutality of the drovers is such as would disgrace a savage."

Death in Boiling Water.

"It was a long, narrow room, with a gallery along it for visitors. At the head there was a great iron wheel, about twenty feet in circumference, with rings here and there along its edge. Upon both sides of this wheel there was a narrow space into which came the hogs at the end of their journey; in the midst of them stood a great, burly negro, bare-armed and bare-chested.

"In a minute or two it began slowly to revolve, and then the men on each side of it sprang to work. They had chains which they fastened about the leg of the nearest hog, and the other end of the chain they hooked into one of the rings upon the wheel. So, as the wheel turned, a hog was suddenly jerked off his feet and borne aloft.

"At the same instant the ear was assailed by a most terrifying shriek; the visitors started in alarm, the women turned pale and shrank back. The shriek was followed by another, louder and yet more agonising—for once started upon that journey the hog never came back; at the top of the wheel he was shunted off upon a trolley, and went sailing down the room. And meantime another was swung up, and then another, and another, until there was a double line of them, each dangling by a foot and kicking in frenzy—and squealing. The uproar was appalling, perilous to the ear-drums; one feared there was too much sound for the room to hold—that the walls must give way or the ceiling crack. There were high squeals and low squeals, and wails of agony.

"Meantime, heedless of all these things, the men upon the floor were going about their work. Neither squeals of hogs nor tears of visitors made any difference to them; one by one they hooked up the hogs, and one by one with a swift stroke they slit their throats. There was a long

line of hogs, with squeals and life-blood ebbing away together, until at last each started again, and vanished with a splash into a huge vat of boiling water."

—*The Jungle.*

The Wounded Cattle.

"It was late, almost dark, and the Government Inspectors had all gone, and there were only a dozen or two men on the floor. That day they had killed about 4,000 cattle, and these cattle had come in freight trains from far States, and some of them had got hurt.

"There were some with broken legs, and some with gored sides; there were some that had died, from what cause no one could say; and they were all disposed of, here in the darkness and silence. 'Downers' the men called them; and the packing-house had a special elevator upon which they were raised to the killing beds, where the gang proceeded to handle them, with an air of business-like nonchalance which said plainer than words that it was a matter of everyday routine."

—*The Jungle.*

Tolstoi's Graphic Story.

Tolstoi once visited an abattoir near his home, and thus describes what he saw:—

"It was the Friday before Trinity. It was a warm June day. . . . The 'work' was in full swing. All the dusty yard was full, and cattle had been driven into all the little yards beside the 'chambers.'

"At the gate stood carts with oxen, cows, and calves tied to them. Other carts drawn by fine horses, holding live calves with their heads hanging dangling down, were unloaded, and other carts containing the carcasses of oxen, with shaking legs and heads protruding, and bright-red lungs and crimson livers, were driving *away* from the slaughter-house.

"Through the door opposite to that where I stood a big red well-fed ox was being led in. Two men were pulling him. He had hardly been led in when I saw a butcher raise a knife upon his neck, and stab. The ox, as if all its four legs had suddenly been broken, fell heavily upon its belly, then turned over and began to struggle with its legs and hind part.

"Immediately another butcher threw himself upon the front part of the ox, on the side opposite from the struggling legs, caught its horns, and twisted its head down upon the ground, while another butcher cut its throat with a knife, and from under the head poured forth a stream of dark-red blood, under which a blood-besmeared boy placed a tin basin.

"While all this was being done the ox twitched its head incessantly, as if endeavouring to get up, and fought with its legs in the air. The basin was soon full, but the ox was still alive, heaving with heavy gasps and kicking out all four legs, so that the butchers held aloof. When one basin was full the boy carried it away on his head to the albumin factory and another boy placed another basin, and this one was also filled. But the ox still heaved his body and struggled with his hind legs.

"When the blood ceased to flow the butcher raised the ox's head and began to skin it. *The ox still writhed.* The head skinned, showed red with white veins, and stayed in positions as the butcher moved it; from both sides of it the skin hung down. The ox did not cease writhing.

"Then another butcher caught the animal by the leg and broke it, and cut it off. In the stomach and other legs *the convulsions still went on.* The other legs were cut off and thrown where the legs of the oxen of one proprietor were thrown. Then the carcass was dragged away and hung up; and *then* the convulsions ceased. The convulsions were over at last.

"Thus from the door I watched the second, third, fourth ox. It was the same with all. The head cut off with the tongue bitten, the same convulsions. The only difference was that the butcher did not always hit his blow so as to fell the ox. Sometimes the butcher missed his aim, then the ox leaped up, roared, and, covered with blood, tried to escape. But then he was pulled under the bar, hit a second time, and felled.

"I afterwards went round to the door through which the oxen entered. Here I saw the same, only nearer and more clearly; and, moreover, I here saw what I had missed seeing from the other door—how the oxen were forced to enter. Each time that an ox was taken in the yard and pulled forward by a rope tied to its horns, the ox, smelling blood, refused to enter, sometimes roared and retreated backwards. Two men could not drag it by force, and therefore each time one of the butchers went round behind,

grasped the ox's tail, and twitched it, breaking the stump so that the gristle crackled, and the ox advanced.

"When they had finished the oxen of one owner, they led in another's cattle. Of this next lot the first animal was not an ox, but a bull. A well-bred, fino, muscular, energetic young animal, black with white spots and legs. He was pulled: he lowered his head, and sternly resisted. But the butcher, following behind, caught at his tail, just like an engineman grasping the handle of the whistle, twisted, and the gristles crackled. The bull rushed forward, knocking down the men who were pulling the ropes; then again stopped, squinting with its black eyes, the whites of which were suffused with blood.

"Again the tail crackled, and the bull jumped forward, and was in the spot where they desired him to be. The striking man approached, took aim, and hit. The hit missed the mark. The bull leaped, shook its head, roared, and, covered with blood, got free and rushed out. All the men in the doorway jumped aside. But the ready butchers, with the pluck bred by perpetual risks, quickly caught the rope, the tail operation was repeated, and again the bull was in the chamber, where he was dragged under the bar from which he could not escape. The striking man quickly took aim at the spot where the hair separates like a star, and which he found, despite the blood, and then the fine animal, full of life, fell down and writhed its limbs while it was being bled, and its head was cut off.

"'There, the cursed devil has even fallen on the wrong side,' grumbled the butcher, cutting the vein upon its head.

"In five minutes they stuck up a head, red instead of black, without skin, with fixed and glassy eyes—which had shown with such glorious colours only five minutes before."

Worse than War.

"In all my experience, including the horrors of the South African War, I have never seen anything quite so appalling and horrible as the sight which here met our gaze. In rapid succession are they despatched, one after another, amidst yells of agony and a stench of fresh blood—so awful, that I can almost hear and smell them as I write now, thousands of miles away. It was this awful sight which drew from the lips of one of Japan's greatest soldiers who fought in Manchuria, 'In all my experience of forty years' soldiering and hard life, I have never seen anything more disgusting nor more murderous than the sight of killing pigs at the Chicago slaughter-yards.'

"Most heartily can and do I endorse these words, for such a sight is damnable in the extreme. I was much disgusted to notice amongst the party several women, and even one or two little children.

"The godless, bloody murderer with his cruel pickaxe passes along an elevated platform, administering the blow to each in rapid succession. I would to heaven I could call it the 'death blow,' but, alas, it often only wounds, sometimes renders unconscious, but more often than not just sufficiently injures the poor creature to cause it intense agony. Up tips the floor of this stall, and with an agonising groan (so terrible as to make one just want to yell, out of mere pity), the poor wretch slides off to the blood-flooded floor, where, by a shackle attached to one hind leg, it is hoisted ten or twelve feet into the air; and then the real death blow comes by the double-edged knife, which is used to cut the throat.

"I am convinced that this act *is often the first step to unconsciousness,* and in some cases terrible agony is suffered until this merciful blow comes. I saw sights here which made my heart bleed with pity—especially when a young partly-developed 'slunk' calf appeared amongst the entrails."

THOS. F. WATSON.

The Trade Admits it.

A slaughterman of eight years' experience, writing to the *Express,* says:—

"The eyes and nostrils are most frequently chosen by the 'drovers' or butchers' apprentices, and heavy blows are given to the lower part of the legs which often make the strongest animals 'bellow' in agony. The tail is often twisted until the poor creatures are made to curl their bodies into a curve. Great bruises which are seen on the flesh when the hide is taken off tell a sickening tale of much cruelty before the final cruelties of the slaughter-house.

"Familiarity with the constant flow of blood has a coarsening effect upon the butcher, and he smiles at any sensitiveness in his house of blood."

A hide merchant, writing to the *Daily News,* says:—

"The faces of those hides coming from London district displayed the least number of pole-axe marks—1 to 5 was a fair average. Those from our provinces came next with an average of 2 to 8, and then those from the Continent

(Denmark, Germany, etc.) with an average of 3 to 9. In scores of instances I counted ten and more, and in one case no less than 26 such marks!

"Just prior to this leather warehouse time, I came into contact with an actual slaughter of a bullock that occupied 75 minutes."

Let every reader try and picture to himself how each one of these poor creatures bade his last farewell to life!

Rouen Duck.

The *Revue Scientifique* states:—

"Young ducks are placed in a big enclosure, and are fed up from eight to twelve days, during which time they are shifted from one department to another, till, finally, they go to their death. This killing is performed in a most cruel manner. The brain is irritated with a pin, the spinal cord is stretched and twisted by hanging by the neck, and pressing the neck by two plates, which are gradually screwed together, with the object of keeping all the blood in the body, and making it fill all parts thereof. Therefore, during the agony of the tormented birds, they pull feathers from the stomach, and slap it with the hand or with special wooden tools. After all this procedure, the duck shows great injury to the stomach and other organs, such as broken ribs, torn liver, etc., and also—and this is the main aim—one or several beautiful blood-clots, which are never found in a duck killed in the ordinary way."

The Passing Lives.

In the first year of this new century we may calculate that *in England alone* over a million cattle are being done to death, over seven million sheep are offering their throats to the knife, and over two millions of pigs are sending up their piercing cries as they find themselves in the presence of a violent death.

This means that for the purpose of providing a *luxury*—not a *necessary*—of life, not a day passes but that nearly two thousand eight hundred cattle, nearly twenty thousand sheep, and over five thousand pigs are put to death. Divide this still further, and we find that every hour, the whole day long and the whole night through, there are over a hundred cattle knocked down, over seven hundred sheep, and over two hundred pigs' throats cut. Still further we

may drive the thought home and impress upon ourselves that every minute of the day, and every minute of the night as well, two cattle fall, and fourteen sheep and four pigs gasp in violent death.

In *England alone* as I sit and write, this tremendous sacrifice is going on all day and all night, and for every single breath I draw in life, an animal ceases to draw its breath in a painful and convulsive death and all unnecessarily—*to satisfy a fashion in diet.*

This calculation of twenty violent deaths a minute day and night refers only to the higher and very sentient creatures and omits all thought of the thousands upon thousands of rabbits, hares, fowls, ducks, geese, turkeys, birds (game and otherwise), deer, etc., etc., which are doomed each day to die to swell "the food supply" of the nation. It also omits the vast number of animals who are slaughtered *in other lands* for shipment to England in connection with the "dead-meat" traffic.

Who will Help to End it?

Try to grasp these figures, remember that each animal is a sentient fellow-creature which knows the joys of living and the agonies of dying; which has senses by which pleasure can be appreciated and on which the sharp stylus of pain can inscribe its terrible record.

Remember that each unit of all this awful total has to suffer its time of agony—in some cases a few minutes, in other cases many minutes, in not a few cases, hours, days, and weeks of suffering—in order that butchery may be done and the human animal may feed on the dead body of his fellow non-human animal; and then try to picture the awful chorus of groans and cryings—voiceless but pitiful—which are going up day and night from the civilised (?) world and are calling out in despairing sadness, "How long? How long?"

Well may we sometimes find it hard to answer the problem of the agnostic when he asks, "Can these things be, and yet God be good?"

Well may we shudder as we rise from their perusal and wonder that nineteenth-century men can stand up as apologists for their perpetuation in the future, even though they were excusable in that barbarous past which considered that polygamy, slavery, and war to the utterest extinction, were in harmony with humanity and the eternal fitness of things.

We must not blame the past, neither must we *perpetuate* the past, but must remember that it is the duty of each age to take one upward step. Let us not forget the warning truth of the poet Lowell, that

" New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth,
They must upward, onward ever,
Who would keep abreast of truth."

Man's best food does not consist of the dead bodies of slaughtered animals.

There are thousands who are daily eating their bit of meat under a sense of duty mingled with a deep-down loathing.

They have been told that it is necessary for them to eat it, and in sweet docility they have trodden down their higher promptings and have eaten daily.

To such I would proclaim in no uncertain voice the day of deliverance and of freedom from their bondage.

Flesh food is not necessary to the highest development of mind or body.

There are still thousands more who turn with tender pity to the lowing herds of thirsty cattle, driven to their doom, and vainly wonder what should be done.

With deep sympathy for all that sorrows and suffers, they turn away their faces from the slaughter-house, and shut out the terrible taint of blood-shedding from their dinner table.

With simple piety they carve the beef and will not think of the gentle mother cows they have often milked and patted.

They would dream terrible dreams, or lie long nights sleepless, if only they allowed themselves to *think*.

So they sorrow and sorrow, and wonder what it all means, and pray for the time when all this terrible chapter of agony and sorrow will be ended, and a new leaf will be turned, and the millenial joys will come.

To those myriad gentle longing souls I would say—your millenium is at hand.

The light is shining even now within your breast, and your own soul is trying to show you that here and now and to-day the joy of sacrifice may beautify your life.

JOSIAH OLDFIELD.

Humanely disposed persons are invited to circulate copies of this booklet in order to make the public realise, to some extent, the suffering which the carnivorous habit entails. Thousands of persons are adopting a natural and humane diet, through becoming acquainted with the facts of the case. To lessen the demand for animal flesh is the only way to decrease the number of the victims who are needlessly being sacrificed.

Price One Penny (net), 1/- per dozen, or 6/- per Hundred, Post Free.

We cannot be 'healed' until we are loosed from our sins!

We cannot do wrong without suffering penalty!

No man who has the Christ spirit in his heart can see animals ill-treated without a protest!